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[ONE PENNY.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ALL good wishes for a "Merry Christmas" to friends near and distant! These words may bring a greeting to some who are solitary, and others who are sorrowful, but they will not be touched by any bitterness at the thought of the great wave of joy that passes with refreshing and uplifting through the land. For at the heart of this Christmas festival there is a deeper happiness which conquers pain, a unity of life and love which gathers in the solitary, with the assurance of a Tenderness which cares for them also, and to the sorrowful whispers of the better hope. The good tidings are not for a few, but for all of every condition, and there are none who may not have some share in the rejoicing.

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice."

LAST Sunday afternoon a meeting was held in St. James's Hall, in the interest of the Tsar's peace proposals. The chair was taken by Archdeacon Sinclair, at the request of the Bishop of London, who was unable to preside, as he had wished. Among those present were Mme. Novikoff, M. Lessar (of the Russian Embassy), Messrs. F. A. Channing, M.P., Percy Bunting, F. Moschelles, W. Evans Darby (of the Arbitration Alliance), Canon Barker, Dr. Clifford, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. The principal speaker was Mr. T. W. Stead, who gave an account of his recent interview with the Tsar, and his visit to the capitals of Europe, as Special Commissioner of the *Daily News*, already so fully described in the columns of that journal. The meeting carried by acclamation the following resolution:—

This Conference, assembled at St. James's Hall, London, representing Englishmen of all conditions and creeds, having heard the Tsar's appeal on behalf of peace, addressed to all civilised Governments, heartily echoes that noble appeal, strongly commends it to the friends of justice and humanity everywhere, and appoints those who have called or by letter approved this Conference a provisional committee to organise a national committee which shall express the undoubted pacific aspirations of the English people and seek international co-operation in favour of the Tsar's proposals on the part of all the peoples of the civilised world.

Mr. Stead's suggestion of an international "Pilgrimage" or "Crusade of Peace" is thoroughly characteristic, but we doubt whether that is the wisest method of organising a weighty expression of public opinion, such as all friends of humanity must hope and work for in anticipation of the meeting of the Tsar's Conference in the spring.

LETTERS and messages from many public men were received by Mr. Stead in reference to Sunday afternoon's meeting. Most valuable of all was, perhaps, the letter of Mr. John Morley, who wrote:—

"I am extremely glad to hear of so important a meeting, and I hope that it may be followed by many others all over the country. There has been a great show lately of strengthening the hands of the British Government in quarters where clouds of war hover. It is time that something should be done to strengthen their hands in resolute and jealous co-operation with other rulers and statesmen in the ever blessed cause of peace. Never was the moment more opportune for rousing the judgment and feelings of civilised men against those competitive and ever-swelling armaments which load the taxpayer, dislocate industry, waste capital, and in Continental Europe scourge the family and the home. Economic policy commends reduction, for militarism impoverishes States. Social order commends it, for militarism, in swallowing up resources that ought to go to the elevation and contentment of the people, engenders the whole dark progeny of continental Anarchism. Humanity commends it. These things are well known to all rulers and nations of the world. They stand numbed. What is wanted is will to act upon the knowledge, and statesmanship to find a better way. I expect that your meeting will effectively stir the minds and hearts of multitudes of our countrymen in this loftiest of all human causes."

PROFESSOR BRACCIFORTI, of Milan, sends cordial greetings and good wishes for a Happy Christmas and for the New Year to all friends and brethren in this country, and at the same time reports an address

by Don Miraglia, bishop-elect in Piacenza, at the Congress of the Evangelical Italian Church lately held at Florence, in which he declared his special mission of preaching the Gospel to the Roman Catholics. There were, he said, in Italy no Catholics but Clerics, no believers but credulous people. The church-going people were either bigots or mere automatic children of habit. It was not the fault of the laity, but of the churchmen who had torn the Bible from the hands of the people, and educated them to empty forms, full, however, of financial profit to the priests. Hence the duty of explaining to the people their liturgical books, and showing what was the ancient doctrine, the true preaching of redemption, and the true nature of confession. Don Miraglia's address concluded: *Aut delendum Vaticanum aut Italia delenda.*

It is satisfactory to learn that the removal of large companies of the Dukhoborts from the Caucasus to Canada is proceeding. A party of 1,822 was to sail from Batoum on the 16th inst. by the Beaver Line s.s. *Lake Huron*, accompanied by Count Serge Tolstoy, a son of the noted author and philanthropist. Ten days later a second party of about 2,000 are to leave Batoum by the s.s. *Lake Superior*, and it is hoped that by next summer as many as 7,000 of the Dukhoborts will be settled in Canada. A satisfactory agreement has been come to with the Dominion Government. The smaller parties settled in Cyprus have suffered severely from sickness, but the last reports are more hopeful.

Isten és Lélek. (Tanulmány a Vallás Eredetialajáról). Irta Armstrong A. Richard. Fordította Péterfi Denes. Kolozsvár. 1898.—Those words we have read and copied with the greatest interest from the title-page of a beautifully-printed Hungarian book, a translation just published by our friend Mr. Péterfi, whom we knew at Manchester New College, of Mr. Armstrong's "God and the Soul." It is aggravating not to be able to read a word of Mr. Péterfi's preface—except two, for we see that Henry Drummond is mentioned. We are glad to hear that the translation has been noticed in a good many Hungarian papers, and that the book has had a very favourable reception.

THE centenary of the Liverpool Athenæum, with the foundation of which William Roscoe was so closely associated, was celebrated on Monday last. A meeting was held in St. George's Hall, and among the speakers was the Bishop of London, who contrasted the conception of knowledge and culture embodied in the

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foundation of the Athenæum with that of the present day.

The idea prevailing at the beginning of the century was that men should read a good book, master its contents, and pursue for themselves the lines of thought it suggested, and talk it over, and make its ideas the subject of discussion among themselves. No system could surely be better. Yet the process was, he feared, to a great extent, declining. We had substituted for the old system a greater desire for general information given in little bits. A well-informed man nowadays was a man who could give one offhand a number of more or less inaccurate statistics about most subjects which came before him. He observed that the number of London newspapers taken at their institution was pretty much the same as it was in 1798. That was a piece of information which ought to take down the arrogance of the metropolis. The statistics showed that, while the news was provided as in 1798, men had now to go to the weeklies to form opinions upon it. The supply of news was the same, but the weeklies had increased nine times. The monthly magazines, on the other hand, had only multiplied five-fold. There was a great difference between the weekly and the monthly newspaper. The man who fired off his opinion in a magazine knew that a month must elapse before he was contradicted. That was a stimulus to audacity of speculation. And further, he dwelt upon the disadvantages of present-day cultivated ignorance, which led a man, in proportion as he knew little of a subject, to say a great deal about it. There was an increased importance given now to speaking. Utterance was doubtless a valuable thing, but it was merely valuable for what was said, and not for the mode of saying it. Any system which perfected the art of saying nothing, and substituted it for the habit of stammering through something, was not a distinct gain.

For the good of the country strong local patriotism was needed, and centres, such as the Athenæum, of independent life and thought.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, who ten years ago succeeded Henry Ward Beecher as minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has resigned the pastorate, in order that he may devote himself more fully to his duties as Editor of *The Outlook*, with which he has been connected for over twenty years. *The Outlook*, which was originally known as *The Christian Union*, has attained to great influence in the States, and has reached a circulation of 100,000. The strain of double work to a man of sixty-three has warned Dr. Abbott, before it is too late, to confine his energies to the important duties of his editorship.

THE New York *Independent* published, on December 8, its fiftieth anniversary number. Its first Editors in 1848 were three Congregational ministers, of whom the sole survivor, the Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., writes one of the memorial articles. In the first number of the paper its purpose was declared to be, what its name indicates, "not so much to reflect public opinion as to act upon it." Reform was the object of the young Editors. "Here was a paper," says Dr. W. H. Ward, the present Editor, "that was warmly religious, and yet eager for new theology; that could in the same breath pray for revivals and yet denounce slave holding; that did not care for its subscription list, if it might help truth and justice." Mr. Justin McCarthy was connected with the *Independent* during his residence in New York, and another former Editor was Dr. Washington Gladden. In this anniversary number are printed several poems by well-known writers,

which originally appeared in the *Independent*, Whittier's lines "To Charles Sumner," 1856; Bryant's "Farewell," 1877; Longfellow's lines on Garfield, 1881; and also verses by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Alice Cary, T. B. Aldrich, and Sydney Lanier.

THE following verses by Lucy Larcom on "Three Old Saws" are also reprinted in the Jubilee number, from the *Independent* of March 19, 1863:—

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river!

THE Rev. Stopford A. Brooke will deliver a course of six lectures on "The Poetry of Robert Browning" at University College, London, on Thursday evenings, at 8.30, beginning January 19th, 1899. Tickets (10s. 6d. for the course) may be obtained from Professor T. Gregory Foster.

CHRISTMAS.

ARE we less thoroughly human than our forefathers, many of whose jovial Christmas customs we have allowed to disappear? Are we becoming refined into something too angelic to appreciate merry-making, good homely fun, such as characterised this season of the year in the good old times gone by? Sentiment goes down deep in our nature, and yet it is a changeable thing. Some ancient observances retain a fascination for us, while others are supplanted by new inventions unregretfully. We ourselves are changing. The influences of education and refinement permanently affect our tastes and characters. This is not becoming less human; but simply the evolution of human nature. There is no fear of our becoming angels yet awhile. We have abandoned the wassailings, the "lords of misrule," and the wren-hunting; indeed, our carol singing has sadly degenerated since the time when the bishops carolled to their clergy, and the Dean of the Chapel Royal "sung a carol" to Henry VII. when he kept Christmas at Greenwich. In the time of Alfred the "twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals," by law; now, though we work harder, we have only two days. True, this festival was altogether abolished for a time by a special ordinance of the House of Lords in 1647, because "heretofore superstitiously used and observed"; but the prohibition could not last long, and one may

safely predict that although the characteristic features of the festival will constantly change, yet the festival itself will continue as long as the world lasts, and men can appreciate the lofty aims and self-sacrificing spirit of the Gospel of Jesus. Distance lends enchantment. We picture the boar's head stuck with rosemary and with apple in its mouth being carried with pomp and song into the baronial hall. Honest Tusser has told us what was considered essential for a merry Christmas in the sixteenth century,—

Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, and souse, and good mustard with all,
Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well drest,
Cheese, apples, and nuts, jolly carols to hear,
As then in the country, is counted good cheer.

And yet we must not let slip the true perspective of things. Our own times are the best times that ever were in this country. There never was such prosperity and manly independence and intelligence as there is now, and taking the homes of England as a whole, there will be ample proof this Christmas-time that we know quite as well as our ancestors how to enjoy ourselves, and how to be wholesomely merry.

As for hospitality and charity, let us also see to it that we prove ourselves to be not a whit less generous than our ancestors. Let us each be determined to carry sunshine and joy into some poor tenement where struggle and care and want reign; and sticking a twig of crimson-berried holly on the wall and a parcel of groceries and whatnot in the cupboard, wish its inmates a right hearty and brotherly Merry Christmas. We must not let the old customs die out altogether. Let us maintain the holly and mistletoe decorations, the singing of carols, the mince pies and the Yule logs; but let us, most of all, characterise the season by practically advocating peace on earth and goodwill towards men.

CHARLES ROPER.

WARNING.—We have received from the Rev. Ambrose Bennett, of Chesterfield, a warning against a certain German impostor who is going about in our circles seeking whom he may devour. He usually represents himself as being known to the Rev. Ceredig Jones, of Bradford, where he alleges that his sister at one time officiated as organist, and he has an exciting story to tell of escape from the German army. Occasionally, he appears in the character of a Cretan exile.

THE Rev. R. Spears, of Highgate, begs to thank "Christmas" of 1898 for £10 for the poor. It shall most faithfully be dealt with.

EPIS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected COCOA, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.—Made simply with boiling water or milk.—Sold only in packets and pound tins, by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS and Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London."

THE THREE KINGS.

(After Émile Gebhart.)

It was on a winter night in the last year of the reign of Herod the Great. Along the western shore of the Dead Sea, two strange torch-lit processions approached each other. One came from the North, marching to the sound of barbarous music, shrill fifes and brazen drums. In the midst of warriors with flat yellow faces, black beards, and hair twisted in long plaits, there rode upon a charger cased in scale-armour a gigantic figure, more yellow and more terrible than the rest of his company. His hard black eyes expressed the insolence of power. Steel-clad, he gleamed like a god of destruction above the forest of pikes, halberds, and scimitars which flashed blood-red in the torchlight. In the rear a string of mules laden with tents and carpets came slowly on, urged by the hoarse cries of half-naked slaves. But the stern glance of the King rested not upon his guards, nor on the stagnant sea lying before him unbroken as sepulchral marble, nor on the blue-grey landscape with its rolling vapours, nor on the dark mountains that lifted their heads in the far distance of the desert. With head ever turned towards his right, he fixed a gaze, as of one entranced with awe, upon a golden star which hung over the West, and moved onwards solitary amid the blue.

The other cavalcade which followed the southern shore, and emerged from the dreary steppes of Arabia, was yet more extraordinary. The uncertain light of torches, held aloft by copper-coloured slaves, clothed in white tunics and turbans, revealed a procession of black elephants draped in purple, on whose backs sat men pale of face, with gentle eyes, and garments of silk heavy with jewels—old men with white fillets on their brows, and beards falling to their girdles; youths touching the golden strings of their lyres to slow and melancholy music; dervishes, with wasted frame, parched face and corpse-like eyes, whining ceaselessly their dismal orisons. In the midst of the train, where the strains of the music were most doleful, where the prayer was most lugubrious, marched a colossal white elephant, surmounted by an ivory tower, on which reclined, half hidden in a cloud of costly furs, a young man of marvellous beauty, who seemed fading away in mortal weariness. And the whole body moved, lulled by the murmur of their mysterious music, with attitude and gesture as of statues that one dimly sees in the twilight of a temple. Absorbed in their own dream, they saw neither mountains nor sea, nor desert plain, nor the night sparkling overhead. Only the eye of the young King followed with an infinite yearning the course of that single golden star which seemed to smile upon him from the depths of heaven.

And now the two fantastic processions were but a little way apart. Suddenly the elephants threw up their trunks and trumpeted furiously—the fifes and drums annoyed their ears; the yellow faces and the steel-clad figures, shining in the torchlight, frightened them. The young King, from his throne aloft, ordered a halt. The warrior King stayed the advance of his party by a terrible roll upon the kettle-drum; on each side there was a scrutiny of keen suspicion and an ominous silence.

The Kings sent messengers to each

other; and each was greatly surprised by the report which his own envoy brought back. An hour later, reclining beneath the shelter of a purple tent, the two pilgrims related how it came to pass that they met that night on the melancholy shores of the Dead Sea.

"I am the unhappiest of princes," said the King who came from the North. "My empire is so vast that I know not its limits towards the region of the setting sun; in every other direction my power is bounded only by the sea, or by mountains untraversed by human foot. All the peoples of the yellow race are subject to me. I possess provinces where flowers are always blooming and where fruits are always golden ripe; deserts, too, of which the mere remembrance is horrible, where the ice never melts, and the storms are never still, and not a living creature is to be seen. In the heart of my kingdom is a vast, mysterious tract, overhung with perpetual fog, haunted by phantoms and demons, whose witching voices lure men to destruction in some bottomless pit. I have navigable rivers convenient for trade, but infested by innumerable alligators. All these drawbacks affect my subjects, it is true, but would not hinder me from leading a perfectly happy life. I am called the Son of Heaven; my ancestors were all Sons of Heaven: but in private, to my wives and children, my name is Caspar. Unfortunately, the Son of Heaven knows not his Heavenly Father. I am the sole pontiff of a vague deity, sprung from the brain of a great philosopher, who died many hundred years ago. My temples, bare of priests and worshippers, are always empty. My people have a silly satisfaction in divinities as hideous as they are ridiculous, before which I am, for reasons of policy, obliged to do reverence. Picture to yourself, my royal brother, scorpions as big as oxen, horses with serpents' heads, dragons bristling with feathers, toads whose swallow would engulf your largest elephant. A great imaginary deity, and a crowd of monsters in plaster and painted canvas, are not serious instruments of government. Scarcely with my army, my spies, and my executioners, can I maintain public peace. If a province revolts, or refuses to pay taxes, I let loose upon it a hundred thousand soldiers greedy for plunder. I have elegant and reasonably cruel forms of punishment. The tall slave whom I stationed just now at the entrance of our tent, is the executor of my justice: with one cut he makes a man's head fly twenty paces from his shoulders. But an evil fortune sometimes places me in great straits. Every now and then hordes of savages come, I know not whence; perhaps they fall from the moon. They throw themselves upon my richest districts to plunder and to massacre. When my generals appear on the scene they find no one: or if they do come up with the enemy, they are invariably beaten. And so the people whose mind is by nature inconstant, fastens upon my god as chargeable with all its misfortunes; and as this god belongs to none but me, I am held responsible for all the blood that is shed, and all the towns and crops that are burned. Every night I am haunted by the spectre of a revolution: I dream that my sacred head, and my inviolable limbs are being hawked about in bits in the distant cities of the kingdom. How much

happier should I be were I a common labourer with a wheel-barrow, or a common sailor with an old boat! I have consulted my astrologers and my magicians; for a long while their answers gave me no satisfaction, and many of them were consequently strangled. At last one of them, a blind diviner, a hundred years old, said: 'King Caspar, Emperor of the world, mount thy steed and ride toward the South-west. A star hitherto unknown will shortly appear there. Direct thy course by the star, and never despair. One night it will stay still and its three-fold ray will mark the cradle of a god. If this god accepts thy allegiance, thou shalt be saved and happy.' I have traversed Asia with my eye fixed nightly upon the star. It has guided me through fog and storm and snow for nearly two years. I am wearied to death, and would that I might find the god to-morrow!"

In turn, the young king with the white face, slowly raising himself upon his flowered cushions, told his story:—

"My brother, my lot is even sadder than yours. I, Melchior, Emperor of India, am master of a kingdom that glows with all the splendours of earth, where precious gems stud the soil like field-flowers. But I and my subject kings and the innumerable multitude of my people are the slaves of ten thousand gods who are everywhere present, who never slumber, and who never smile. Countless priests insufferably proud of their knowledge and of their wealth, priests without pity, who have never succoured a human sorrow, who hate the warriors and despise the poor, perform the hideous rites of these deities. There is not a valley, a forest, or a mountain, where a gorgeous temple does not lift its domes and its towers defiantly to heaven. There day and night the priests pray for themselves alone. Enormous reptiles coil themselves around the dreadful images and guard the treasures, from which no coin has ever fallen into the hand of an orphan. Sometimes in honour of the statue with a hundred mouths they burn young girls upon a platform as high as the temple. These gods give nought but death. Every spring they call up the pestilence from the channels of their sacred river, and give it half my kingdom for a prey, till in the great cities the living can no longer bury the dead. There was long ago a holy prophet who tried to turn men's minds away from these gods of terror; but he could find no other salvation but the renunciation of life, the dreamless sleep of the soul, without love, without hope, and the confinement of the body, motionless and rigid, on the top of a column, or in a hole of a rock. I have sought to escape from these two funereal religions. A sage who came from the far countries of the West said to me one evening:—'A god of goodness will soon be born on the confines of Asia. Set out for the shores of the Persian Gulf. A star unknown to thy priests shall go before thee. It shall shed its golden rays upon the dwelling-place of the god, and if he bless thee, thy people shall receive consolation.'"

Melchior and Caspar slept side by side. At the approach of day the miraculous star paled, and at sunrise it was gone. All day, as they reclined at their tent-door, their eyes rested on the tawny hillsides, or the grey sea on which the wind raised no ripple. Melchior listened to the

plaintive melody of harps: Caspar heard the doleful legend of his grandfather, the glorious Son of Heaven, whose eyes and tongue had been torn out by sacrilegious Tartars. At eve the tents were folded, and the two companies joined and moved forward around the two kings. Already the star was shining in the spangled azure of the western sky. And just then the White King perceived a newcomer, approaching alone from the South, and hailing the Yellow King. It was a negro, squatting on a camel: his legs were naked; his body was covered with shreds of skins; he wore on his head a thin turban, and bore a reed in his hand. The camel, worn with weariness and hunger, seemed scarcely able to plant its feet without stumbling among the stones and horns that beset its way.

"Some escaped slave," said Caspar; "but his mount will not carry him far. Would you like, brother, to see my executioner try his skill upon him?"

Melchior regarded the Son of Heaven with a slow disdain.

"No," said he, "I take this harmless wanderer under my protection. If he belongs to this country, he may guide us across the ravines and the marshes."

The negro uttered a shrill cry of joy. He pressed one hand to his heart, and with the other lifted his turban and saluted the gleaming star. Then he awaited, with signs of childish pleasure, the approach of the masters of Asia.

Melchior beckoned to him, and the dilapidated camel came to a halt between the imperial elephant and the steel-armoured charger.

"Who art thou? Whence comest thou, and whither bound?" said the White King.

"I am Balthazar, Emperor of the blacks and Prince of Africa. I come from a world of desolation. I go whither the star beckons me. I bring to the Divine Infant, who rests in the light of the star, the sighs and sorrows of the black race."

"We three will go together, my brother," said Melchior, "and this will then be truly the pilgrimage of human kind."

The torches were lighted, and by desert ways and mountain-paths the procession resumed its march in the direction of Jerusalem.

Till daylight Balthazar recounted the misfortunes of his people—endless barren wastes without a drop of water; hot winds that stifle the traveller in a whirl of burning sand; marshes whose breath is fatal; forests, pitch dark, from which a man may never emerge, swarming with serpents whose glance is deadly, lions, hyenas, panthers; a sea infested with sharks, rivers and lakes with crocodiles; and then, famines, cannibalism, massacres, whole villages destroyed by fire and sword; pirates, slave-hunters, who lie in wait everywhere to entrap girls and children.

"And still all that is nought," said the poor King Balthazar: "we are used to hunger and thirst, to wild beasts and massacres. But we would fain understand something of the meaning of all these sufferings, and we cannot. There, in the black world, the aged man knows no more of this than the little child. All our life is passed, as it were, at the bottom of a dark hole, and our gods give us no light. They are little gods and very weak, who hide themselves for fear under

the hearth-stone: often they are but lizards, grass-hoppers, or snakes, and we are too ignorant to find any better. I have invoked the most skilful sorcerers. They can charm serpents, but they cannot soothe the sorrowing heart with a breath of hope.

One day, however, one of them said to me:—'King of Africa, set out towards Asia. When thou art come to the brink of a sky-blue sea a star will appear to thee on the side of the North. Follow and make ever towards it. One night it will rest above the roof that hides a new-born deity. Thou shalt adore the child, and the wounds of thy race shall be healed.'

The next evening the star was so much more brilliant than before that the three Kings were confident that they were nearing their journey's end. After traversing bare hills they came upon a valley in the midst of which was a little country town, and just outside it, a shed that leaned against a jutting rock was lit by three golden rays which fell from the mysterious star.

Caspar stopped his barbarous music. Melchior bid his dervishes cease their prayers. Nought was heard but the sighing, sobbing melody of the harps. The flocks on the hill-side gazed without alarm at the passing elephants. The sheep-dogs ran to make friends with the slaves and the men-at-arms. And some shepherds sang so sweetly that Balthazar fell a-weeping and a-laughing both at once.

At midnight the three Kings dismounted. Followed by slaves bearing costly gifts, they knocked at the door. Melchior bore a golden censer smoking with frankincense, Caspar a golden chafing-dish redolent of myrrh, while Balthazar had nothing to carry but his reed.

The door opened. It was a stable bare and cold, into which the winter wind found its way. On the straw of a cradle slept an infant; on the right an ox, on the left an ass, warmed the babe with their breath. A young woman clothed in white sat at the head of the lowly cradle. But the three Kings recognised the god they sought, and the three races of mankind bowed their faces in the dust before Jesus.

The blue vapours of the incense and the myrrh mounted to the roof. Through the rifts between the beams, the sky, the star, and the tall white buildings of the town were visible, and whispers as of angels fell upon the ear. Caspar was the first to offer his gift—a pile of arms incrustated with diamonds.

"My Lord," said he, "behold I bow before thy weakness—I, who am at the height of human greatness. I have sought thee that I may obtain thine aid in war, and after it. Grant that whoso lifts a hand against me, his blow may recoil upon himself."

But still the infant slept. And in the heights the heavenly voices replied:—

"I am the God of the peacemaker. I would have no arms but gentleness and mercy. Thine arms are fit for none but the Kings who in ages yet to come will slay my peoples like defenceless sheep."

Melchior clasped his hands, and while his slaves unrolled before the cradle stuffs wrought in silk and gold, and cast handfuls of gems upon the straw,

"My Lord," said he, "I have long listened to the words of the wise, and

their wisdom has seemed to me but vanity. I have venerated the saints, and their sanctity was but fraud. I have sought a god of life, and I have met with nothing but mourning and death. Take all my wealth and treasure—only let joy visit that vast charnel-house which is my empire."

But still the infant slept. And the angels answered:

"I am the God of the poor. I would have no treasure but purity. Leave, then, thy gifts: they are for my pontiffs and priests, who, forgetful of my nakedness, shall clothe themselves in silk and walk in a blaze of emeralds and amethysts."

Balthazar knelt in his turn. He took the feet of the babe in his hands and kissed them with tears.

"Little God," said he, "whiter and sweeter than the light, I have nought to offer thee but my heart and my tears. Have pity on me, Lord, have pity on my brethren, and for our grief and sadness give us thy love."

Then the child Jesus awoke and smiled. He opened his little arms, which moved, as it were, in blessing upon the sorrows of mankind. And above the stable roof white-winged angels floated on the star-beams and sang:

"Glory to God in the highest heavens, and peace on earth to men of goodwill!"

J. E. O.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

THE PLEA FOR A MANUAL.

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that Mr. Dennis B. Squire has misunderstood the phrase—"the greatness of Thy mercy is the measure of our guilt"; because, whether calculated to make men smile or frown, it is strictly true. Before a just judge only the guilty are in need of mercy. Mercy for the guiltless would be an impertinence; but when there is the slightest guilt mercy is required, and the more guilt the more mercy, so that one is the measure of the other.

To come to the larger subject, the plea for a Manual. I notice that one branch of it is entirely neglected by your correspondents. As far as my reading goes I have seen nothing about the need of direction in those services which every minister has to conduct—baptisms, weddings, and funerals. For these a form of prayer is specially required. I have found that the "Common Prayer for Christian Worship," or, as it is called, the "Old Ten Services," is a book that supplies this need, not perfectly, but as well as could be expected, and it has been valuable to me for years even when used in no other way.

CLEMENT EDWARDS PIKE.

Holmwood, Newport, I.W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters, &c., received from the following:—D. A.; F. A.; R. A. A.; J. B.; R. I. C.; J. E.; B. K. G.; J. L. H.; W. H.; A. C. J.; R. M.; T. M.; H. S. P.; M. P.; P. P.; W. C. P.; W. G. P.; F. S.; W. R. S.; F. T.; W. W. We gave the price of the *Young Days* Volume last week as 2s. 6d. in error for 1s. 6d.

OBITUARY.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. James Martineau, and the eldest child that survived infancy. He was born in January, 1831, in Dublin, whence his parents removed to Liverpool in the following year. Till he was fifteen he was educated at home, chiefly by his parents, but with assistance in many branches of study from other teachers. It was perhaps at this time that he learned from his father the first elements of Hebrew, though it was not till considerably later that he showed any special predilection for this study. Greek, Latin, and mathematics were a matter of course, and he also worked at drawing and music. The former he dropped, but the latter he pursued with keen interest throughout his life. Of his accomplishments as a connoisseur, a pianist, and a composer, "let others, who know more, speak as they know," but his love of music and the large place it occupied in his life were obvious to even the most unmusical acquaintance. From the days of his boyhood, when he received his first lessons from Mrs. Alfred Higginson, or was allowed to dissect and reconstruct a little organ at Pendyffryn, up to the end of his life, he unremittingly studied and enjoyed both the science and the art of music. He collected a large musical library. He and his brother Basil were joint editors with the late James Whitehead of the edition of Dr. Martineau's "Hymns of Praise and Prayer" with tunes, and each of the three editors contributed a number of tunes to the collection.

When the home education needed further supplementing, Mr. Martineau went to Germany with Joseph and Richard Hutton, under whose direction he continued his studies, residing in Heidelberg and travelling in the Tyrol and Switzerland. Then he studied for a year in University College, during a part of which time he lived in a house, or houses, familiarly known as the "Rabbit Warren," where his associates were a somewhat noteworthy group of young men—T. Smith Osler, William Caldwell Roscoe and Frank Roscoe, J. H. Tayler, and W. T. Greenhoe. After this he returned again to Germany (this time to Berlin), whither Dr. Martineau and his whole family migrated for a year while the present Hope-street Church was being built. Here he studied Sanskrit and comparative grammar under Bopp and Greek under Boeckh, and developed his taste for Oriental languages. Returning again to University College for a year, he took his B.A. degree in 1850. The next year saw him again in Germany, where he studied at Göttingen under Ewald and Benfey. He took his M.A. in classics in the University of London in 1854.

In addition to all these studies Mr. Martineau had, under the influence of Robert Darbishire and Philip Carpenter, become an expert conchologist; and he was also an enthusiastic botanist and plant-hunter all his life.

There is, however, something to set against this extraordinary list of accomplishments. Whether from physical and mental constitution, or from deliberate sacrifice of what he regarded as the less important things of life, or from whatever other cause, Mr. Martineau was wholly

without skill in boyish or manly sports, and apparently without interest in, or respect for, them. And he had none of those graces which the Greeks were probably right in supposing that the cultivation of the body fosters. Hence he was regarded by most young men as uncouth and uncompanionable. It was only one here and there that found the heart within him. Conspicuous amongst these few, however, were such as his cousin, Meadows Martineau, to whom he was united by lifelong ties of the closest friendship; Edward Bache, whose early death robbed the world of so noble a musician; and Leyson Lewis, whom he met in Germany, whose friendship he formed as a scholar and a musical connoisseur, and who subsequently became his brother-in-law.

During the next following years, tutorships successively in the families of Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, of Cleator, and Dr. Nicholson of Penrith enabled him to indulge his out-of-door scientific tastes. Dr. Nicholson was also a keen Orientalist, and Mr. Martineau pursued his Arabic and Persian studies with much pleasure and profit in companionship with him.

The year 1857 was an eventful one. It brought Dr. Martineau to London, and it saw his son appointed on the staff of the British Museum Library and to the Hebrew lectureship at Manchester New College.

In the Museum, to which he was introduced on the recommendations of Dr. Nicholson and Lord Brougham, he was not employed in any of the branches of learning he had hitherto made specially his own, as the Oriental Departments happened to be particularly well manned at the time of his entry; but, nevertheless, his work was of such excellence that he received early promotion in 1860 and again in 1872. He became Assistant Keeper in 1884, and held this post till 1896, when he retired, under the superannuation rules of the Civil Service, and received his pension.

His speciality in the Museum was early printing. He was a high authority on Black Letter books and on Incunabula (*i.e.*, books printed in the 15th century). He was also a skilled bibliographer on general lines; he was referred to for aid especially in Slavonic and Scandinavian languages, and he drew up a comprehensive scheme for cataloguing the British Museum Library, which, though not accepted in its entirety, was influential in raising the whole question and in determining the character of the system ultimately adopted. He made a great collection of first editions of Luther's works for the Museum, and then arranged and catalogued the whole Luther section of the Library, and at the time of his retirement he was engaged in cataloguing the Bibles. He had completed the heading "Bible," and was at work on the heading "Old Testament."

The circumstances of his appointment as Lecturer on Hebrew in Manchester New College are particularly interesting. On the retirement of Dr. Vance Smith Mr. Russell Martineau was consulted as to a suitable appointment on the strength of his knowledge of the German Universities. He earnestly recommended a fellow-student and friend, who, like himself, was a pupil of Ewald. Mr. John James Tayler wrote to Ewald, and Ewald

replied that it was strange that the Staff of Manchester New College should be looking abroad for a teacher of Hebrew, when they had at their door, in Mr. Russell Martineau, the best man for the post that they could possibly desire. The appointment so gained he held as Lecturer till 1866, then as full Professor till his resignation in 1874.

It is in his capacity of Hebrew teacher that many readers of THE INQUIRER will best remember him. The treacherous effectiveness of the Impressionist and the detached minuteness of the Pre-Raphaelite are the Scylla and Charydis of the teacher, and it was the latter rather than the former danger that Mr. Martineau had to fear; not that he was deficient in breadth of view as a scholar, but he lacked the teacher's instinct to realise the pupil's limitations, and so was too apt to think that the details he insisted on took in our minds the same luminous place amongst larger conceptions which they occupied in his own. In conversation he was often more enlightening than in his formal instructions, and I remember when I had left College, and was struggling with Ewald's German, receiving a letter from him on the general principles of Ewald's style and the structure of his sentences which was one of the most helpful documents I ever had the privilege of studying.

In philology he kept close to his academic traditions. Ewald and the "Kurtzgefasstes Handbuch" were, so far as we could judge, his gods; but in larger matters he was singularly free from the limitations of tradition. His hesitating utterance and physical manner gave the impression of a slowly-moving mind; but this was certainly far from representing the truth; for the versatility of his tastes and occupations corresponded to an alertness of mind and freedom from prejudice in political and social as well as scholarly matters, which no tradition could bind, though it was balanced by a stubborn fidelity to friends, to interests, and, above all, to principles, which was the most marked feature of his moral character.

His mind was essentially reverent and devout, but for conventional and artificial reverences he had an utter contempt, which perhaps was so ingrained as not even to be conscious. Thus, in translating the Bible he would catch at the most ruggedly effective word that occurred to him in a manner which shocked the religious prudery of some of his students and amused others, but which at least had the effect of shaking us out of our mere habits, and had an after-effect in cultivating a taste for reality and directness in our studies of the biblical writers. A similar bluntness characterised his personal dealings with his students. "I don't believe it!" he would frankly declare when a student produced a palliating explanation of some blunder; and thereupon the statement (even if it had been originally made in more or less good faith) became wholly incredible to its author also. There was no more need in such matters than in his religious life for Mr. Martineau to shield himself behind studied decorum, for his innate generosity and delicacy of feeling were as conspicuous as his downright sincerity and directness of utterances to anyone who came into contact with him on any testing subject or testing occasion.

But to my generation of students, at

least, Mr. Martineau stood for a great deal more than a member of the College Staff. Before we came under his teaching he had already met the good angel of his personal and social life in Miss Frances Bailey. All who honoured and loved him are under the fresh sense of thankfulness that in spite of grave fears recently entertained they are able to think of her presence as having protected and supported him even to the end. He married Miss Bailey in 1861, and found in her a loyal and proud devotion, an unflinching and elastic support in all temporal and all higher concerns. And on his side there burned, as upon an altar, the flame of a love that had in it not only passion and poetry and chivalry, but something of a religious awe and gladness. He felt his utter dependence, his perfect security, his possession of the life and the prize that wax not old.

And for us students this union made the home of the apparently austere and out-of-the-world Professor one of the freest and most sympathetic to which we had access.

With regard to the College Mrs. Martineau inherited a good tradition, for her mother, Mrs. Bailey, had shown so much kindness and hospitality to successive generations of students that she had come to be called "the mother of the College." She lived with her daughter and son-in-law, and the tradition was more than sustained. Mrs. Martineau was our friend, almost our confidante, and in her bright and cheerful home we felt that one aspect of her husband's character, which we might not easily have discovered elsewhere, had its full and joyful utterance.

But if we had, with Mrs. Martineau's aid, to discover the man that lay behind the scholar, it was far otherwise with his intimates. To them the scholar was a mere incidental aspect of the man they knew and loved, and with singular unanimity they speak of his "tenderness" as his most characteristic quality. He was devoted to children, and children, with their unflinching instinct, understood and loved him. There was something singularly beautiful in the gleeful ring of his laughter. It would break to the surface like the golden notes of St. Francis' "Sermon" in Listz's symphonic poem, and told of a spirit unscarred by the battle of life, still drawing direct from the sources of joy that flow freely from the pure heart. It is easy to understand the attachment felt to him by those who were near to him, and by those who served him. "He was such a kind master. So gentle, so patient, so grateful."

As a writer Mr. Martineau contributed many papers to the *Theological Review*, and its successors; to the *Spectator*, to the Philological Society, and probably to other learned societies. He translated F. Gregorovius' "Corsica," part of Ewald's "History of Israel," and Goldziher's "Mythology of the Hebrews." He conducted a most laborious collation of the nine known copies of the "Psalter of Mainz," the earliest printed book that bears its own date (1457) and the names of its printers. He discovered which pages had been set up more than once, and the make-up of each individual copy, and recorded his results in the first volume of "Bibliographica" (1895). He did a large amount of work for Dr. Murray's "English Dictionary," and he prepared

the Hebrew and English editions (not yet published) of the "Song of Songs," for Haupt's "Polychrome" Bible.

Mr. Martineau's health when he was a boy was remarkably vigorous, but in youth, perhaps in consequence of the excessive zeal with which he pursued his studies, he became subject to intermittent failures of health, which often interrupted his work, which set upon his frame the marks of conflict, and which developed a defect of speech which impeded and baffled what would else have been great conversational powers, so that he talked best in his letters, in which his thoughts flowed freely and his descriptive powers had full play. These forced intervals of rest were contributive causes to the many journeys in Norway, Italy, the Dolomite country and elsewhere which were amongst the sunny episodes of his life. On one of these (in Corsica) he encountered, perhaps, the only positive adventure of his life, for he and Mrs. Martineau were actually fired upon by a brigand and narrowly escaped by putting their horse to the gallop.

Mr. Martineau was keenly interested in public questions and was an advanced Radical in politics; but he never took a prominent part in public work. The Hibbert Trustees and the Trustees of Dr. Williams's Library have lost a valued colleague in him. His great knowledge of books was of special significance to the latter of these bodies. For some years he had been in declining health, and he died on the 14th of this month.

P. H. W.

JAMES THORNELY.

In recording the death on December 8 of Mr. James Thornely, of Liverpool; we shall awaken grateful memories in many hearts. His was a life uneventful in the world's eyes, but rich in quiet faithfulness, in the strength of sterling character, crowned with the honour and affection of many friends. A man more unpretentious, more modest in the truest sense, it would be difficult to find; but when we think of him it is with memories unspoiled by any bitterness and touched by that best grace which flows only from a heart that is without guile.

One of the many descendants of staunch old Oliver Heywood, Mr. Thornely was born in Duke-street, Liverpool, April 23, 1822, the son of John Daniel Thornely, a merchant of that city. His uncle, Thomas Thornely, M.P. for Wolverhampton, was one of those who voted for the Dissenters' Chapels Bill of 1844, and in many other ways served the cause of civil and religious liberty. In September, 1838, Mr. Thornely entered upon his indentures with Messrs. Radcliffe, Duncan and Lowe, solicitors, of Liverpool, and for fifty-five years followed his profession, living throughout his life in or near Liverpool. For many years he was clerk to the Little Woolton Local Board. In 1867 he was President of the Liverpool Incorporated Law Society, and when in 1893 he retired from business, he resigned his place on the committee of that society also, on which he had served almost continuously for forty-six years. Of other Liverpool societies he was connected with the Royal Institution as a proprietor, and served on the Committee. At the time of his death he was Vice-President of the Athenæum.

Mr. Thornely's family was connected with Renshaw-street Chapel, and he grew up under the ministry of the Rev. J. H. Thom. A diary kept by him at the age of sixteen records his regular attendance morning and afternoon at Renshaw-street, and at Paradise-street in the evening, where the Rev. James Martineau was ministering. There are frequent notes of the sermons of both preachers. He was one of those who attended the lectures of the famous Unitarian Controversy of 1839. When he went to live out at Woolton Mr. Thornely became connected also with the Gateacre Chapel, and for some years before his death it was his custom to read the lessons at the services there. He was a close friend of the late Rev. George Beaumont.

The Liverpool Domestic Mission Society and the District Missionary Association had in Mr. Thornely a constant supporter, while of the Ministers' Stipend Augmentation Fund (the Rawdon Fund) from its establishment in 1856 he was the Secretary until his retirement last year, when he was succeeded by his son, Mr. James Lamport Thornely, and was elected a member of the Committee of Management. There was no beneficent work in which he took a warmer and more constant interest than this. He was not a man of many words, but his sympathies were deep and true. He had an intimate knowledge of the history of our churches, and a firm hold on the undogmatic principle in religious fellowship. Since 1858 he had been a Trustee of Manchester College.

The news of Mr. Thornely's death came as an unexpected shock to many friends. He had been ill only five days, from pneumonia, caused by a chill. The funeral service was held at Gateacre Chapel on Monday, December 12, and was largely attended. It was followed by cremation at Anfield, and the ashes are to rest in the grave of his son, Robert Roscoe Thornely, in the burial-ground of the Ancient Chapel of Toxteth.

Mr. Thornely married, in 1852, Laura, daughter of Robert Roscoe, and granddaughter of William Roscoe, the historian. Children and grandchildren remain with her, sustained in their inevitable sorrow by the memory, unclouded and beautiful to true discernment, of one who has no unworthy place in the household of God.

It is only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervour of spirit.—*Fénelon*.

DEVOUTLY look, and nought
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee:
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee.
—(*Wisdom of the Brahmins*.)

THE shadow falling into the house from a great affliction becomes more precious than any ray of earthly fame. . . I have noticed that the time of my disappointment, rebuff, self-reproach, is my fruitful season—as the treachery of David's acquaintance wrung melody from his harp.—*C. A. Bartol*.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS" we say to one another. Were there ever words happier than these? "A Merry Christmas" I wish to all the children who care about this Children's Column, and I hear a hundred voices—no, hundreds of voices all at once saying the same. The happiest music of all the year is in those merry tones; all through the land, in more homes than I can count, there the children are, full of eagerness, full of gladness, bubbling over with good humour and good temper that nothing can upset—and what should they say but "Merry Christmas!"

But what are they *doing*? Everyone is home for the holiday, or nearly everyone. That is the first great happiness, to be together again in the dear old home. And then it is the time for giving presents. What planning there has been, what secrets, what saving up and then choosing, and the great delight of *giving*. It is nice to have beautiful presents, but best of all is to be able to *give*; to think of something that mother will like to have that will be really useful, and then to get it without her knowing, or perhaps to make it; and then when the time comes, to see her pleasure and surprise, and to know that all the happiness is because you love her so much and she loves you; and in the same way to think of all the others, the little ones and the elders, whoever they are, just to think how you can give them pleasure. But why should I try to tell you about it? You know quite as much as I do. And you know it isn't only to the home people you give, but part of the special happiness of Christmas is that we have kinder thoughts for others, and like to give, especially to those who have not many things to make them happy, whose life is often bare and cold. Everyone knows the story of old Scrooge, and how he learnt what can be made of Christmas, how a selfish, dried-up old heart can be made to beat again with real kindness, and can learn to give and have the joy of giving and making happiness for others. That is the secret of it all. "Merry Christmas" is not greedy, and is not selfish; it is thinking of others, and helping to make them glad.

And now, why is it on Christmas Day? What is Christmas Day? It is a birthday—at least, it is the day on which for hundreds of years people have agreed all over the world to keep the birthday of Jesus. Which day he was really born we can never know. But that does not matter; the great thing is that every year we should keep his birthday, and rejoice all together, remembering him, and being thankful for all that we have received through him.

Isn't it wonderful that people all over the world should keep the birthday of one little child? The bells are rung all over England on the Queen's birthday, but all over the world on the birthday of Jesus. And I wish everyone thought of him as we do, and felt that it was right to thank God for this little child, born in a humble home, filling the hearts of his father and mother with a great joy, and that there can be nothing more wonderful or more sacred than such a coming of a little child into the world.

But of course it is not simply because of the little baby that we keep Christmas.

They might do that in his own family, but we rejoice and give thanks for his birth, because of what he was when he came to be a man, and what he still is to us. We like to think of the joy in that humble home at Nazareth and we like to remember the story of the angels telling the shepherds the good news, and their song of rejoicing, even when we think of it only as a beautiful picture in "the old, old story," and not as something that really happened in the fields of Bethlehem, because that little child did bring "great joy" into the world, which is for all people.

Jesus came to be the great Teacher and Friend of all men. He, more than any other, has taught us the secret of unselfishness, which is the secret of our Christmas joy. He has taught us to trust and love God as our Father in heaven, and to live together in love and trust here on earth. We learn of him, and try to follow him, and that makes our life strong and beautiful, and helps us to be good. The more we learn of him, and learn not merely in words, but in *doing* and being like him, the better we understand what it is to live as children of our Father in heaven.

And so it is a good thing to keep his birthday, and be glad to know about him; and it is a good thing to make Christmas Day the happiest *home* day of all the year, and to try every year to make our whole life more like what we feel it ought to be when we are happiest on that one day.

And so, dear children, once more, A merry Christmas to you all!

LITTLE HANS'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

I read the story in some book, and cannot remember where, but it is pleasant to tell over again.

They were poor people, living up on the hill-side, some way from the town, and Hans's father was a forester. He had to go out every day to work among the trees, and they had a garden in which they all helped, even Hans, who was quite a small boy. The fir-trees that covered the hill came down pretty close to the garden, and there was nothing between.

In all the houses in the town the people had Christmas-trees for the children, and every year the forester was allowed to take a certain number of young fir-trees from the forest to sell at Christmas, one of which he always kept for his own little boy. In the winter, about which I am telling, he had sold all his trees, and the people could fetch them for themselves when they wanted them, all except the one Hans was to have, and that was growing up just on the edge of the wood, so that he could see it when he looked out of the window.

He used often to stand looking at it, and thinking how beautiful it would be when the candles were lighted, and all the sweets and the bright-coloured things hung upon it. Even after dark the light from the window shone across, and Hans could look at the tree every night before he went to bed. Especially after the ground was covered with snow, and the little branches of the tree were white too, it looked very beautiful.

But unhappily, a few days before Christmas Hans's father had an accident in the forest, and became very ill. The doctor did what he could and told them just what was wanted. But the medicines and other things cost a great deal of money,

at least what seemed a great deal to such poor people; and soon all they had was spent and it looked as though they would have a very sad Christmas. His mother told Hans she was very sorry, but they must do without presents that year; everything must go to help his father to get well and strong again.

On the morning of Christmas Eve Hans heard them talking about one special medicine they ought to get, but then his mother said very sadly, "There is no money left to buy it." Hans was standing at the window looking at his tree, and thinking of the evening, when it would be lighted up, for his mother had told him that though they must do without presents, they had the decorations from last year and some candles left, so they would at least have that. He said nothing at the time, when she spoke of the medicine, and was busy about the house, doing things to help. But as it grew dusk he went quietly out, and was away for a good long time.

When he came in again it was evening, and they had lighted the lamp. His mother said, "Hans, it is time now to fetch in your Christmas-tree. You know where the spade is, and the old pot to put it in." And as she said it she turned to the window and looked out across the snow. She looked, but could not see it. "My boy," she said, "your tree is gone!"

"Yes, mother, I know," said Hans; "but see, here is the medicine for father."

And when they both looked at him wondering, he told how he had dug up the tree, and had taken it down to sell in the town, and then had bought the medicine.

It was his Christmas present to his father.

They did not have the pretty light of the candles and the decorated tree that year, but they had the happier light in loving eyes, and the boy had something better than any of the presents he had hoped for, because he had given up his own pleasure for the sake of those he loved. And I am not sure that that didn't do the forester as much good as the medicine in helping him to get quite well again.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

ONCE more I hear the song of Christmas-tide

As onward o'er the stream of Time I glide;
And while I list, I rest upon my oars—
To think of those I love on divers shores.

All who have cheered me on my heav'n-ward way

Are present in my grateful thoughts to-day;

As each dear face before my mind doth rise,

I feel that faithful friendship never dies.

Though tongues be mute, and hands may seldom meet

Throughout the toilsome year, 'tis passing sweet

To count the purest joys the heart has known,

And live again glad moments that have flown.

As one by one my friends I now recall,

My heartiest greeting I extend to all;

God bless them while their earthly race they run,

And grant them peace when all their work is done.

E. CEREDIG JONES.
Bradford.

The Inquirer.

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LONDON, DECEMBER 24, 1898.

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas messengers bring every year "good tidings of great joy." Their coming is heard from afar in a multitude of preparations. The festival of brotherly kindness is the great festival of the year. There is a fresh benediction resting on every happy home and on every true affection. There is One passing silently through the streets, seeking out the poorest tenements, touching many hearts to a new tenderness, a new quickness of sympathy and readiness to help. There is a sentiment, which gathers force as the day itself approaches, which breaks down barriers of estrangement, and brings a new tone of sincerity into voices in which for many days there had been nothing but the hardness of self-interest and the sharp, dry clatter of the world. We may wish that the truer sentiment ruled every day, and the more humane and gracious spirit were the constant temper of our lives. But while we still must hope and strive patiently for that happy consummation, we have reason to be thankful for this recurring festival, which every year gives a fresh impulse to what is best in our common life, renews our dedication to its service, and will not let us be forgetful of the true ideal of humanity.

On Christmas morning by some strange magic the air is fresher, and the sunlight brighter, than on ordinary days. Even when the actual weather is as bad as possible there is an inward impulse which conquers dull and clinging mists, or slush and hopeless rain. Joy is born anew, and that wonder-child lifts up its little hands even amid the dreariest surroundings, and the light of heaven is there. But if out of doors the air is crisp with a touch of

frost, and radiant with clear sunshine, who can find words for the delight of the children, and the deeper stream of pure exulting gladness in the elders' hearts? Joy is born, and a multitude of voices unite in the hymn of thankfulness and praise, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace." The token of the holly in our homes and the festive decorations of the churches belong to the same rejoicing. There is a stronger note of confidence and gladness in the preaching. There are singing voices heard on this day only in the year; and what the children sing is a beautiful foretelling of more than they can understand.

All that is done to lighten heavy burdens, to cheer the solitary, to comfort the sorrowful, to make the whole of life more beautiful, and the whole world more like home, bears a fresh witness to the truth. It may all seem to make very little way towards what we desire. The dark contrasts remain, the burdens of evil and of pain are still oppressive, and terrible to bear. And yet Joy is here, and will not be denied the place of highest honour in this festival. What is the secret of this persistence and this unconquerable hope?

It is because a little child is born into the world, and that great gift of life can only come out of the heart of the Eternal Goodness. It is because now we feel that our life is in God's hand, that this heart of man which hungers after righteousness, which clings to truth, which rejoices in the beautiful, which loves and suffers, and even in suffering loves, is no passing dream of a few years born of lifeless dust, no mockery of things divine, but is kindred of the Highest, and is held within a purpose, which must work out its destiny in abiding spiritual life, in the perfect victory of love, and joy, and peace.

Christmas is the festival of Jesus, the festival of thanksgiving for his birth, because to him, by the grace of God, the world owes the perfecting of this faith, and in him is the ideal of the true life of the children of God. But for that very reason it is the festival also of Humanity, a rejoicing of the human heart in the knowledge of God, and confidence in His good purpose. It is the home festival of those who have learnt to rejoice, and even in the humblest place to know that they and their brethren all together belong to the great household of God.

There is the secret of our joy. It is our FATHER's good purpose. It is not in vain that we lift up our hearts, that we believe in brotherly love, that we work for the perfecting of love in the Kingdom of God here on earth. It is not in vain, because we who work are children of God, and the realms of life in which we are at home, and have our great inheritance, reach beyond the confines of these earthly years, giving us the larger hope, and here already

the greater fellowship, both of the seen and the unseen, in the knowledge of undying love.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHAT means for us this sacred day
By all the happy children blest,
So long desired it breaks in dreams
The quiet of their rest?

Not ours the angels' peaceful song
From heaven's height nor orient star,
The Magi's trackless way to guide
With radiance pure and far.

But still upon the inward ear
That song descends with music sweet,
Our hearts to cheer on darksome ways,
With patience for our feet.

It sings the hope of things to be
Beyond the anger and the strife,
When all the cruel hate shall cease,
And Love be Lord of life.

No fabled mystery is ours
Of One who for her honour made
The peasant-maid His heavenly bride;
And she was not afraid.

No greater mystery we crave
Than every gentle mother shows
When, by God's grace, another life
Within her own she knows.

What need of miracle to make
One Son of Man the Son of God,
When all the sons of men that e'er
Earth's temple-floor have trod

Have but one lineage great and high,
One Father who is over all
The heights of heaven, the depths of hell,
Who hears them when they call?

Nor less if Brahm or Zeus the name
Than when as God or Lord addressed:
The prayer that trusts and loves the most
For Him is ever best.

O brother of the righteous will,
O brother full of power and grace,
Without one thought of fear or shame,
We come before thy face!

Not ours to hail thee as the saints
Of older times, as some to-day,
God, very God; and still to us
Thou art the Life, the Way.

Thou art the Life: in thee we find
The glory that our lives might wear
If we for love and truth and right
Could learn to do and dare.

Thou art the Way; for still, to know
What goodness ever reigns above
There is no other way than thine,—
To live the life of love.

One God have we!—sufficeth He
For every want our souls can know;
He holds us with His loving hand,
He will not let us go.

In thee no Godhead do we seek;
Yea, and no Godhead can we find:
Enough the loving human heart,
The pure, the holy mind.

We love thee for thy tender love
To want and sin and sorrow shown;
We reverence all thy truth and grace;
We worship God alone.

Lo, in such heart we come with all
Who hail thee on this sacred day
In various speech! Thou wilt not spurn
Our simple gift away.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

SOME CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

I.—“The Word became flesh.” Word is thought—spoken. Thought may speak itself in many ways. Painting, sculpture, writing, song, music, gesture, speech are all word. They make thought known.

Word, therefore, is ultimately thought. We travel back through colour and form and movement and sound to the mind of the artist, the mathematician, the poet, the composer, the actor, the orator. In them thought is thought; out of them, and to us, it is word.

There is Thought which is with God. So essentially does Thought enter into the Being of God that we may say, In the beginning was Thought, and Thought was with God, and Thought was God. And thought with God, as with man, passes into word, but more immediately—as one might say, Let there be light, and there is light—so immediately that we may say with equal truth, “In the beginning (of time and creation) the Word already was, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.”

The self-expressing Thought of God comes to us, as we are able to receive it, in parts. We know it as Power through one sense, as Right through another, as Beauty through a third. It manifests itself in the material, in the moral, in the spiritual worlds. “The voice of the Lord is upon the waters and cleaveth the flames of fire”; the voice of the Lord is also in the mouth of the prophet, and breathes in the heart of a child.

But what if the Thought of God, amongst many manifestations, express itself as a complete human life? Then Thought has become Word as Flesh, and this revelation through vital connection is Incarnation, God in man.

The idea of incarnation struggled for expression in more than one of the great religions of the past, and at last found full and satisfying embodiment in the Son of Man. We sometimes forget how much of our conception of God as Father we owe to the influence of the subsequent doctrine of God as Son. We forget also that he who recognised men as children of God, and was himself the realisation of divine son-ship, would rightly and by inevitable inference be recognised by them as the Son of God. When we have awakened to a full sense of our dignity, have become fully conscious of God in us, then, in a degree never attained before, the doctrine of incarnation will become the cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith, and incarnation itself the central power in the Christian life.

II.—In early Christian days the love of Nature must have been very much deepened in men's hearts by the Parables of Christ. He bade them lift up their eyes and look upon the fields; he bade them think of the lily of the field, the ripening corn, the fig-tree and the vine, the moaning wind and the mountain torrent, the lightning flash and the glow of the setting sun. Birds and flowers, corn-fields and fruit-trees, river and lake and way-side well, the occupations of the sower and the ploughman, the vine-dresser and the fisherman—quite apart from the new spiritual teaching which they had been made to yield—must henceforth have seemed in themselves more beautiful, more lovable, to those who treasured the word-pictures which the Master had made of them. There was no

Wordsworth before Christ, and we may almost say that the Wordsworth we know would not have been, if the Parables of Christ had never been spoken.

So, too, in those days, the love of children must have been deepened by the memory of Christ's dealing with children in act and speech. He took them up in his arms, watched their games, listened to their hosannas; nay more, took a child and set him in the midst.

Something also of the same effect must have been caused in another way when Christian art began to depict the infancy of Jesus, and to give form to the legends of the Nativity and of the Holy Family. Children would now be loved, not only because he had loved and exalted them, but also because they were themselves images and reflections of his own pure and tender childhood.

Yet, at the root of it, the deeper love of children is involved in the fact of incarnation. Childhood is part of the daily miracle, the passing of Thought into Word, of Word into Flesh. It is full of divine testimonies and intimations, and often reveals that which would reach us in no other way. We love children with religious regard because Christ blessed and honoured them, and also because they are types and illustrations of that which he taught, but most because from the first they share in that “childship” in which we stand to the Father of all in heaven.

E. P. BARROW.

THE THREE SEEKERS.

AN aged Quaker woman once rose in a Quaker meeting and, moved by the Spirit, gave her testimony in the following brief, but forcible, words:—“Friends, if I know anything about what it takes to make a Christian, it takes a mighty coming down.” Now, in the light of these words, which were judged by simple, wise, and great to be good testimony, let us consider the three kinds of people—the shepherds, the Magi, and Herod—who went in search of the secret of salvation, in search of the Infant Christ, or King, whose name was Jesus, or Saviour. And let us for a moment dwell upon the birth stories as literal events, for the double purpose of seeing how impossible they are if taken in unspiritual reality, and how beautiful they are if taken as spiritual symbolism of the deepest religious verities. Think of the events as happening not 1,900 years ago, but between last night and this morning. God wills, let us say, that a new element in human development shall take place, that the yearning for a new spiritual element shall begin to disclose itself in men's hearts, a desire to find some more excellent way of living, and that the perfect type of this new thing be born into the world, a lowly, childlike, loving spirit incarnate amongst men, and all eyes and hearts are henceforth to be turned to him for salvation, and away from all false guides to happiness, truth, peace, joy.

Now let us suppose the drama to have begun last night. To a group of men on night duty, in some humble, monotonous employment, railway men, or printers, or some such toilers, appears, somewhere near London (as near as Bethlehem to Jerusalem), an angel with the glory of the Lord shining round about him, and announcing the birth of a great deliverer, to be called the Lord's King. Then the angel having said that that King would

be found as a babe in a manger of a stable, the parents being so poor that no other place was available for them, a whole multitude of angels joined him and raised a song of Peace on earth, Goodwill to men. Thereupon all the glorious company withdrew, and the men were left to go in quest of the child, having no other direction than the sign of the abject poverty of the child, so that when they found the very poorest and most outcast, that would be the happily-favoured child and its mother the most blessed among women. Then these men having found the child and reported what they had seen and heard, withdrew. And soon after came a certain number of men, counted amongst the wisest of men, say a group of Oxford professors, refined and learned, led by a star, bringing with them things they held most precious, and as soon as they saw the peasant woman, or woman of the working classes, and her child, they laid these things at their feet, worshipped and withdrew. Then a rumour of these strange doings gets to London and to the Court, and there is a sense of alarm, and things begin to be interpreted in a very matter-of-fact way, and there is dread of some plot or other to put a new dynasty on the Throne, for there could be no idea in any mind that such refined and learned and well-to-do men as the Oxford professors could have gone down to the lowliest spot on earth for the new King—for the angels had not appeared to the Court, nor had they seen a guiding star. No, the further we go in attempting to realise these things as actually taking place, the more the attempt defeats itself, and we are driven to comprehend that all this was a beautiful, symbolic way of telling us what men and women, humble and wise, had discovered about the new teacher from God.

These beautiful birth stories were the halo round their memory of the childlike Master—the Master who had made the name of God a reality to them, and transfigured earthly things with heavenly light, inasmuch as he had taught them and shown them how to turn and become as a little child, and enter the Kingdom of Heaven, or rather how to go seeking in the most despised region of the soul, as in some lowly manger, “the child” that waited to be sought and found. Even the greatest theologians in their moments of human weakness and helplessness are led to the manger. The only prayer that great temporal prince of the Church, that intellectual eagle of Catholicism, Bossuet, kept repeating, or had repeated to him on his death-bed, was “Our Father, which art in heaven.” All religion was there, he said. All splendour, all learning was laid aside, and only the “child” remained before the All-Father. And that arch-heretic, in Bossuet's opinion, Luther, Prince of Protestantism, was just as frank. There is a touching reference by him to the aid a child may be to even a strong man in temptation. “Go to thy brother in hours of temptation. One alone is too weak to encounter the tempter. I am often glad of having even a child to speak to. This is so, in order that we may not glorify ourselves. Therefore, at times, I need and find help from one who has not as much theology in his whole person as I have in one finger, that I may learn what that meaneth—‘My strength is made perfect in weakness.’” There is something so like the Christmas child about this

child of Luther's. How heartily glad one is to feel that its theology was so defective or rather so entirely absent. Children get along so happily and so merrily without theology, and why may not we? It was never merry world or happy since there was more theology in the theologians' little fingers than in the whole anatomy of a little child. If only that excessive quantity had been confined to their little fingers! The child enters the Kingdom of Heaven as if it belonged to him: the theologian as if it were a foreign land.

There are three ways of seeking the child Jesus, of asking where the King of the new kingdom was about to be revealed. There is the way of the shepherds, the way of the "wise men," and the way of Herod. To the lowly the angels themselves minister, guiding them and filling the air with music, for as Luther says, "the nature and character of good angels is a humble, loving, friendly nature, which does not deem itself too high to serve poor sinful creatures." The wise men are guided by their star. Herod has only heard a rumour of the truth and of the true salvation, and so is suspicious. Well, some are found tending their flocks by night. Is it not symbolically suggestive, this tending by night, and this revelation of angels by night? They tend, they watch, they wait, and life seems to have, as yet, no depths in it, nothing but the shallow stream of monotonous daily duties, stirred by slight ripples of fitful pleasures, nothing of the divine in life has descended into their lives. Will it ever do so? Even while they think of it, aspire after it, long for it, the angel of the Lord in his glory stands by them, to announce the secret that can give them their hearts' desires. They are bidden go seek out their Saviour and take him to their hearts: let the lowliest lowliness be their portion; it has in its gift the soul's chief treasure—love, joy, peace. The shepherds had nothing to give but their hearts, and the little child took them and gave them back filled with the fruit of the spirit, and for ever more a multitude of the heavenly host fill life, especially when watching by night, with music for them.

Then there are the less simple hearts indeed, the people who do not at first trust their hearts at all, the great seekers for truth and happiness, by means of wisdom, of knowledge, by the intellect, restlessly pursuing the divine idea, honestly endeavouring to discover the true meaning of life, anxiously asking where is he that is born King of the Kingdom of Heaven? The instinct that is in them is true, the heart cannot entirely be silenced; that instinct is the divinely-appointed star, and they will never cease to follow it "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till their night is gone," until their feet too are guided into the way of peace; they too must pass by "the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," pass by war and luxury, and ceremonialism, and seek out diligently the lowliest spot on earth, seek out the lowliest lowliness. With their gifts let them but give their hearts, and these the child will give back filled with true golden treasure and with the fragrance of the grace and truth of life. Their good angel too will accompany them now upon their way, and keep their feet from straying back to the insidious snares of a Herod, of a double-minded life.

Then there is the third type, inquiring

indeed, like Herod for the child, but not sincerely, not honestly, intending not to worship, but to slay it, fearing it. It is strange, but so it is, people who love anything but goodness, who love power and sway, elevation and money for the sake of these things, can never believe but that their very Saviour, the simple childlikeness of character is anything but a usurper who is somehow going to injure them, deprive them of something which they cherish; and they drag on their unchild-like, proud and haughty, and fundamentally unpeaceful, unjoyful lives—killing one after another the innocents, the scores and hundreds of light-hearted, kindly thoughts and benevolences, creatures of peace and goodwill, that crowd like children round the heart, killing them with deadly suspicion that they are deceivers, and that one especially amongst them is destined to overthrow their throne. Yet, how tender and true, after all, is the deep spiritual suggestion that even this one they cannot kill, that it is reserved mercifully to be their Saviour, that no man can kill out the eternal gift of childhood in himself, no man can kill out the possible Christ in himself. The way to the manger for the shepherds was short and joyful; the way for the Magi so much longer, so much more arduous to find; and the way for the haughty, and the proud, and the cruel seems almost infinite and impossible, and yet even they could not and cannot circumvent the providence and love of God.

Here are the three ways, then, before all of us, standing before us like the three caskets in the story—the leaden, the silver and the gold. In one is life eternal, love, and peace, and joy; in the others disappointments in varying degrees. The worldly wise choose the golden casket and find a death's head. The intellectually wise choose the silver casket and find a shadow; and the lowly wise choose the leaden casket and find the image of their hearts' desire. God grant we choose wisely and choose well. The glory of the Lord will shine round about us even in the darkness, and in our hearts will be the heavenly music that for ever accompanies all thoughts of Peace on earth and Goodwill amongst men.

E. L. H. THOMAS.

THE BAMBINO OF THE ARA COELI.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

A FEW years back, just before Christmas, I found myself in a large North-country town, depressing in its ugliness. To fight depression I resolved on a vigorous attempt to put a breath of Christmas spirit into the atmosphere of dirt and dinginess. Into the slums I went with a basket full of common toys, cakes and sweets, and began to distribute them at haphazard to the little citizens of the gutter. My basket nearly empty, I stopped before a tiny ill-made figure more deeply encrusted in filth than any I had seen. As I stopped it turned its face, marked with disease and with a precocious intensity of malice, and flung a stone at a wretched half-starved cat that fled with a cry of pain. I had scarcely opened my mouth to remonstrate when from the little voice from the gutter came a string of expressions utterly unfit for publication. I turned away shuddering, and came into

the house soon after, more thoroughly down and miserable than when I had started. I threw myself down into a luxurious chair and wanted no more light than the fire gave by which to lament over the woes and wickedness of the world. Then, I suppose, I slept, and all that I saw and heard was a dream. At first the sweetest, most comforting dream. The walls enlarged and suggested vast spaces of softly-tinted gloom that became the background for visions of one picture after another that I had seen in years past in various European galleries. All, however, of one subject—Madonna with her infant in her arms. I saw

Her, San Sisto names, and her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre.

Then came some of my special favourites—a Fra Angelico from Perugia; from Florence a Botticelli and a Fra Lippo Lippi; a tender, wistful Maestro Gregorio from Siena; from our own London gallery Girolamo dai Libri, with his lemon-tree, one after another soothing and inspiring. At last came a sudden jar and break—a figure appeared that was nothing more nor less than a hideous wooden doll. Not content with its ill-favouredness it was still more disfigured by a gaudy crown of gold and jewels and costly swaddling clothes. Puzzled at first, after a moment's thought I recognised it. It was the wooden baby that is so absurdly worshipped at the church of Ara Coeli in Rome, and is called "Il Santissimo Bambino." "What do you do here?" I said, involuntarily, "among these heavenly visions? You are strangely out of place." "How so?" said the doll. "I represent the baby Jesus, and the best of the others can do no more." "You mean you misrepresent Him," I said. "You represent more truly a degrading superstition." For I am a good Protestant, and never neglect a word in season on the errors of the greater part of the Christian Church. "Perhaps, though, you mean to tell me," I went on, "that beauty and ugliness, good and evil are all one provided the intention be good." "I should be sorry to say anything so silly," replied the doll, calmly. "To begin with, good and beauty are absolute and substantial beings; ugliness and evil are relative, negative, and by their very nature doomed to perish." "The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound," I quoted, half to myself. "I fail to follow you," said the doll, politely, "but may I excuse my unfortunate existence by an illustration. I am an ugly thing, beneath which lies a suggestion of one of the most beautiful things in the world. Now take such a beautiful thing as childhood in general, for example, the mystery, the delicate touches at once homely and infinitely pathetic that move us as nothing else does; and suppose you were to see in the street some day (the beady eyes were staring at me rather fixedly) a dirty, mangy, ill-behaved, repulsive little being; you, with your exquisite sense of the beautiful, would look below all this; to the eye of faith the foul husk would disappear, you would see the little angel-soul lost and torn among the briars and filth, and love it with a love more eager because it was yearning and pitying. For my part I have no opinion as to the presence of evil among the human race. On the face of it it seems a mistake, and nothing now remains but to make the best

of a bad business. My one remedy is to seek to be constant to what is, under the pitiful envelope of what appears, as you yourself love the tender child's flesh under the dirt." I wished to change the subject a little, so said, "You make me think of some words of Goethe which I have never understood, yet have dimly groped after in hope of enlightenment." "I should be glad to hear them," said the doll. So I repeated: "What a task was it, not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace; but also to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, to recognise these things as divine; nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to honour and love them as furtherances of what is holy." "Well," said the doll, "that is rather strong doctrine, and I am not sure that I understand it. Meanwhile I must be back in Rome with my ugly vulgar face to comfort the faithful. A merry Christmas to you!" J. WILSON.

THE YORKSHIRE UNITARIAN UNION.

THORESBY, the Leeds antiquary, whose father was one of the founders of Mill Hill Chapel, tells us that this "meeting house erected by the chief of the Presbyterians, upon the first indulgence in 1672, is said to be the first built upon that occasion in the North of England." The deed of transfer of the land on which it stands is dated December 31, 1672, but there is no record of service before March, 1674. It was not the way of our ancestors to register dates and celebrate anniversaries, so we are left in ignorance of the day of the opening of this chapel. Probably it was purposely done as quietly as possible so that the authorities might be under no obligation to take unfriendly note of it. Happily there was no such reason for modesty, when the present chapel, built on the same site, came to be opened 175 years afterwards, and the event was celebrated worthily, the congregation calling their neighbours and friends from far and near to rejoice with them. The fiftieth anniversary of that event occurs on the 27th of this month, and though the date is an inconvenient one, we are hoping that the importance of the occasion will induce a good representation of Yorkshire laymen and ministers, while we shall have Mr. Enfield Dowson, minister of the twin church at Gee Cross, to speak for Lancashire and Cheshire, and Mr. Copeland Bowie for the South. Mr. Wicksteed, whose father was minister and historian of the chapel at the time of the opening, will preach the sermon, and Mr. Estlin Carpenter, a former minister, will conduct service. (See Advertisement.) We rely upon having the sympathy of many who will be prevented by age or otherwise from joining our thanksgiving in person.

I have been privileged recently to preach or lecture in several of our Yorkshire congregations, and I can honestly say that there is not one from which I have come away with the feeling that one is sometimes apt to entertain when reading reports, that our cause would do better without it. In the very smallest there is evidence of more than "two or three" earnest souls to whom the little obscure chapel is the centre and home of their higher life.

In many places where there would be no temptation to commence a mission there is good reason for supporting an existing place of worship. Such is Malton, where a small congregation have succeeded in keeping soul and body together for the last 180 years; I lectured there lately for the harvest festival, and had abundant evidence that under Mr. Jenkinson's ministry the congregation not only kept alive under the unfavourable conditions of a not thriving country town, but, moreover, succeeded in winning the respect and friendship of their neighbours. Fashionable watering-places are only a little better than agricultural centres so far as our prospects go, but at Scarborough they maintain—not without energetic effort—a building and a congregation, which do credit to us all in the eyes of visitors who may venture in holiday time to enter a strange place and see what heresy is like. The church has been recently decorated and furnished with a new organ, and no prettier place of worship is to be found in Yorkshire, at least among our belongings. The congregation is not large—even for a small building—and is not likely to be so: but it holds well together, and under the ministry of Mr. Thomas, known to your readers by his witty and thoughtful articles, does all that so situated is to be expected of it. Certainly no Unitarian visiting "the Queen of the North" as the advertisements call her, need be ashamed of owning himself for what he is, for he will find at Westborough Church a building, pastor and people fully worthy of the high traditions of our cause.

I had a very different experience the night following my lecture at Scarborough, when I found myself at Halifax, not in the ancient and important chapel at Northgate End, but in a plain room in a hired house, where school is conducted on Sundays, and service on Wednesday evenings for such as may wish to come, and by such as volunteer to help. The experiment is a very interesting one, and might, I think, be taken as an example by some who are too eager to begin in the middle and have a preacher before they get an audience, and a house of prayer before there are inmates to occupy it. What specially struck me was the very unpretending quiet way in which the movement—if it might be so-called—was carried on. It was felt that something should be done for a quarter of the town not provided with opportunities for free worship, this house was taken by a few friends, with Mr. Millson's help and encouragement, and work straightway begun. There is neither choir nor pulpit, nor form of ceremony at the services: they use the Essex Hall Penny Hymnal, and sing together to the accompaniment of an harmonium. It does one good to be made to realise that architecture and music and ritual—such as even we have—are not essential to worship; nay more, that we can do very well without them all, if only there be the faith and love which they so often are called in to take the place of.

At Harrogate, where the Misses Lucas have taken up their residence and straightway set to work to see what they can do for Unitarianism, a short course of lectures has been given to try the ground and discover if there is any promise of success for further effort. Mr. Walters, of New-castle, Mr. Street, of Bolton, and myself were the first lecturers, and I hope that

my colleagues are as hardened as I have become to small audiences, and were not disappointed to make a beginning with between thirty and forty hearers. What more will be done it is for our Committee to decide; but my own advice in such circumstances is to take example from the quiet missionary effort at Halifax, hire a room and have a Sunday meeting of such few as may care to join, and try to get a week-night service with the help of neighbouring ministers.

The most interesting event of the autumn has been the welcome to the Rev. William Mellor as minister of Fitzwilliam-street Church in Huddersfield. Both minister and congregation have had times of sore trial, and it is the earnest prayer of us all that they may now enter upon a period of peace and prosperity, and long remain united and agreed. There is, indeed, good reason for hopefulness, except that the wealthier families who formerly supported the church are irretrievably lost—dead, departed, or missing; but there are not wanting, even now, men of influence in the town attached to the place and earnest workers, and if a bazaar which Lady O'Hagan has kindly undertaken to open in March is successful in raising money enough to clear off the debt which hampers it, there seems no reason why it should not in a few years' time take its due place again as one of our independent churches. At Dewsbury, near by, Mr. Boughey is working on quietly and successfully, and attracting larger congregations than have been seen in the chapel for a long time past. At Bradford they are building new schools which were much needed, and as they add to the fabric are adding also to the "living stones" which make the true church; there are now some 350 voting members, probably the largest number they have ever had; during the year about 120 new members have joined, five-sixths of them paying ten shillings a year and over; there are 240 scholars in the Sunday-school, and the building fund stands at £1,300, far the greater part of which has been raised by the congregation itself. I do not think any church of ours in the kingdom can present a better record of a year's work. The ancient congregation at Elland is also making satisfactory progress under Mr. Taylor's ministry, and judging from accounts which I have received from a quite independent source, is in a more promising condition than at any time this twenty years past. The one dark spot in our county is the metropolitan city whence light and leading should come to us all; but at York the St. Saviourgate Chapel, where Mr. Cappe and Mr. Wellbeloved were so long ministers, honoured by all the city and all our connection, is still without a permanent minister. Of course we Yorkshire Unitarians have no right, and we make no claim, to interfere in any way in the choice of the congregation; if they should appoint a Trinitarian or a Calvinist, much as we might regret, we could not complain of it; our chief anxiety is to have a minister there who will uphold the high traditions of the place as set apart by the trust "for the worship of God," and we shall extend to such a one a cordial welcome without presuming to ask how much or how little he believes.

In conclusion, I can honestly endorse what one who has had exceptional opportunities of making acquaintance with our congregations writes to me: "I think all

our churches throughout the county are now stronger and in a more satisfactory condition than they were fourteen years ago." I have always set myself against "rose-coloured" reports, drawn up for the purpose of encouraging workers and subscribers by the cry, "Peace and Prosperity," even when, "sudden failure," which there can be no concealing of, is at hand; but, on the other hand, I must protest against the depreciation of genuine good work, and real though moderate success, under plea of candour. Every one of us is working under conditions of discouragement and isolation; unrecognised, unassisted, uncheered by our fellow-workers for religion, clergy or ministers: many a time is one tempted to relax effort and despair of the cause, and the only constant message of good cheer comes from the weekly paper bringing news of other churches similarly situated and their trials and failures and success. It is an assurance to the lone minister of some struggling church that he belongs to a widespread community, and that at Oxford and London and Liverpool and Manchester and Birmingham there are scholars and statesmen and men of wealth and culture in sympathy with him. We do not want to be treated like little school-children and to be told that our poor attempts are first-rate just to encourage us to do better, but let our attempts be recognised and what success we attain be applauded as it deserves, and we shall do yet better. It was the charge against the false prophets of Israel, that "with lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad whom I have not made sad"; may it not be that among ourselves there are prophets, very sincere and earnest, who make us sad and dispirited, not "with lies," of which they are incapable, but with truths, which are only half the truth and consequently not true. We are all of us failures, but thanks be to God, we are, the great majority of us certainly, successes too.

CHARLES HARGROVE.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday Morning.]

Aberdare.—The Highland place congregation are to lose the services of the Rev. Jenkin Thomas, who has accepted an invitation to Pendleton.

Accrington.—Last Saturday evening a public meeting was held in the Trafalgar-road school-room, to welcome the Rev. W. H. Burgess, B.A., newly-appointed minister of the church. Mr. E. Mills was in the chair, and was supported by Mr. T. H. Hope (chairman of the N. and E. L. Mission), the Revs. R. T. Herford, J. H. Wicksteed, J. J. Shaw, E. Turland, A. C. Smith, and Dendy Agate, all of whom, together with Mr. Haworth, superintendent of the Sunday-school, joined in expressions of welcome to Mr. Burgess. Letters of regret for absence were read from the Revs. A. Gordon and A. W. Fox, and several local ministers of other denominations, who wrote in a very friendly spirit. Mr. Burgess having acknowledged the great kindness of the welcome accorded to him, referred to the work of his predecessor, the Rev. J. Ruddle, and in conclusion spoke of the strong spirit of sympathy which ran through their faith as Unitarians, and the importance of cultivating a religious and spiritual character. He trusted that their work together might be largely blessed, and that they might be able to present a united front against the forces of evil and superstition, and go forward hand in hand, from strength to strength, and do solid work for God and humanity.

Blackley.—The annual dramatic entertainment was held in the schoolroom on Saturday, Dec. 17. The programme included three pieces, one performed by the children, and two by the elder scholars; also an action song and recitations. There

was a large and enthusiastic audience. The whole entertainment was a complete success.

Bolton: Bank street.—The Rev. C. J. Street's Religious Instruction Class will be continued to the end of the year, and his earnest wish is that, before the New Year begins, all the members of the class who are not already on the congregational roll will take steps to join of their own accord. A special service of recognition and self-dedication will be held on New Year's morning.

Brighton.—On Tuesday, Dec. 13, a sale of work was held in aid of the funds of the Free Christian Church. The sale was opened at 3 p.m. by Mrs. Alfred Lawrence, who congratulated the congregation on having attained the 100th year of its existence, and urged all present to be true to their noble faith. After paying expenses, the ladies of the congregation, who organised the sale, will be able to give £60 to the church treasurer.

Bury St. Edmunds (Appointment).—On Sunday, Dec. 11, the Rev. R. Spears preached from the text, "Fear not, little flock." He invited all who had been accustomed to attend the chapel to a meeting after the service; forty attended, and a resolution was unanimously agreed to that the Rev. John Dale, of London, be invited to the pastorate of the chapel. Mr. Dale has been preaching here since the beginning of November, and will remove to Bury at the beginning of the new year.

Choppington.—On Sunday evening last, being Peace Sunday, a special sermon was preached by Rev. Arthur Harvie, on "The Federation of the World, and how we may promote it." After the usual service, a lantern service was held, the church being well filled. It is intended to hold a sale of work early next year, in order to raise funds for cleaning, re-decorating, and generally repairing the building, in addition to providing new heating apparatus and an installation of acetylene gas.

Chowbent.—A mural tablet to the memory of the late Mr. Caleb Wright has been placed in Chowbent Chapel, already somewhat rich in similar memorials. It is also proposed to place one to the memory of the late Miss Salter, whose portrait was on Sunday last put up in the school among other deceased worthies. Special collections for the poor were made in the chapel on Sunday, and proved much larger than for many years past. The annual collection for the Children's Home, Blackpool, and Winifred House, London, is to be taken up in the school on Sunday afternoon, when the usual Christmas lantern service will be held. The Sunday evening lantern services from eight to nine o'clock, in this their fifth year, have for the present to be held in the large schoolroom, and the numbers attending consequently limited by ticket, to avoid overcrowding, to 400 each time. A series of Sunday evening lectures in the chapel on "Notable Books and Events" has just closed. The young men's and young women's institutes have so far had a successful season, and the managers of the "Children's Happy Evenings" and the Band of Hope are to be congratulated upon their good and useful work. Among the lecturers to the Atherton Literary Society, which includes all the denominations, with the Unitarian minister (the Rev. J. J. Wright) as president, have been the Revs. S. A. Steinthal, Principal Gordon, H. E. Dowson, and George A. Payne.

Cirencester.—On the 8th inst. the Rev. George St. Clair delivered in the chapel his lecture on "How to read the Bible." His visits have roused thought, and have been instructive and appreciated.

Cullompton.—The Rev. F. T. Reed, of Moreton-hampstead, conducted the services here Sunday week. On the following Monday evening Mr. Reed gave "A Talk about Life in India," where he spent nearly twenty years of his life, ten years being spent as a Baptist missionary.

Deal.—Rev. Melson Godfrey concluded his engagement on Nov. 20, and will be leaving us at the end of February next. The last meeting of the Guild of Good Fellowship was held on Tuesday, the 13th, and took the form of a social, arranged by the young people of the congregation. The lectures and papers of the session have included "Mary Carpenter, her Life and Work," by Miss Squire, of Dover; "Health" and "Elocution," two lectures by Mr. Dorrington-Boyle; "Things not generally known," Rev. Melson Godfrey, "Theodore Parker," and a lantern lecture, "My Continental Trip," Rev. S. Burrows, of Dover, and "Charles Dickens, his Life and Work," illustrated by readings and personal recollections by Mr. T. E. Gedge. At the Reading Circle we have taken as a "Study" Shakespeare's play "As You Like It." On several occasions the Good Templar Lodge, which meets in the chapel, has joined us for these lectures, or we have joined them, and so have had the chapel nearly full, even on very inclement nights.

Devonport.—The annual sale of work and entertainment of the Christ Church congregation, was

held at the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday, Dec. 7. During the evening an entertainment was given, including a comedietta and scenes from the *Lady of Lyons*. Among those present were the Rev. J. S. Mathers, M.A. (Plymouth), and Rev. J. Barron (Tavistock). The net proceeds amounted to about £18.

Dover.—On Tuesday week a lecture was delivered in the Adrian-street Chapel by the Rev. S. Gardner Preston, of Hastings, on "The Life of Abraham Lincoln."

Framlingham.—On Monday, the 12th inst., a social meeting was held. The young people of the congregation, assisted by Messrs. C. P. Dowling and H. E. Frost, and the minister, contributed to the programme. On Sunday Mr. L. Tavener preached, and in the afternoon addressed the school.

Gateshead.—On Monday last a very successful Christmas stall and entertainment took place in the small hall of the Town Hall. The object was to raise a sum which should form a nucleus for a building fund, the congregation having decided upon a suitable site, and being anxious to secure permanent premises of their own. It is expected that the total amount realised by this small effort of Monday will be about £25.

Glossop.—On Saturday evening, the 10th inst., a meeting was held in Fitzalan-street Sunday-school, to welcome the newly-married minister and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. A. Cunliffe Fox, back to Glossop. In the course of the meeting, which was presided over by Mr. Wright Booth, the superintendent of the Sunday-school from its commencement nearly twenty-five years ago, Mr. J. Barlow, J.P., another of the first pioneers of the Unitarian movement in Glossop, and chairman of the congregation, on behalf of the subscribers, presented Mr. and Mrs. Fox with a handsome massive marble and bronze time-piece, together with a pair of large vases, also of marble and bronze, and conveyed the best wishes of himself and congregation for the welfare and prosperity of the minister and his wife. Rev. A. C. Fox returned sincere thanks to the congregation for the kindness they had shown, and for the generous feeling which had prompted their gift.

Hale.—On Friday evening, Dec. 16, a meeting was held in the schoolroom of Hale Chapel, to welcome the Rev. T. Robinson, the newly-appointed minister. After tea the Rev. Dendy Agate took the chair, and there were also present on the platform the Rev. T. Lloyd Jones, Rev. J. C. Hirst (former ministers of Hale Chapel), Rev. W. H. Drummond, Mr. A. Nicholson, Mr. Bickerton and Rev. T. Robinson. Letters of apology for non-attendance were received from the Rev. S. A. Steinthal, Rev. J. Forrest, Rev. J. Falstad, Mrs. James Worthington, and others. The chairman said he brought his own and the Dunham-road congregation's greetings and good wishes. His friend, Mr. Lloyd Jones, was never tired of reminding them in the old days that Hale was the mother church; he still held that opinion strongly, and as it was perfectly true they would still allow him to hold it. The daughter had joined in heartily congratulating the mother, and sending the best wishes for the future. He was sure in Mr. Robinson they would find a welcome addition to the roll of their ministers, and to the workers for the Gospel which they all had at heart. Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Bickerton heartily welcomed Mr. Robinson on behalf of the congregation, and the Rev. W. H. Drummond spoke on behalf of the neighbouring ministries, and the larger body of ministers represented by the Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire. The Rev. T. Robinson in response, expressed his pleasure at the presence of two of his predecessors, and went on to speak of his ideal of a minister's duty as being concerned with the whole of life. Knowledge made in the direction of their faith, and he urged them to faithfulness to the cause. The Revs. T. Lloyd Jones and J. C. Hirst also joined in the welcome, and music by the choir and other friends added to the enjoyment of a very pleasant evening.

Horwich.—At a social meeting on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6, some substantial articles of furniture were presented to Mr. T. S. Hilsley, who has gratuitously discharged the duties of choir-master since the congregation was established some eight years ago, except for an interval of about two years. Mr. James Small presided, the Rev. R. C. Moore, Mrs. Henry Harwood, and Mr. C. J. P. Fuller took part in the proceedings, and Mrs. Smith made the presentation. Mr. Hilsley having acknowledged the gift with much feeling, the evening came to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The annual Sunday-school party and entertainment took place on Saturday, Dec. 17, and passed off successfully. It was announced that the prizes for regular attendance were for the past

year 43 in number. The number of scholars on books is slightly over 130.

Kidderminster.—Last Sunday being "Peace Sunday," the Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans preached appropriate sermons both morning and evening. In the morning Mr. Evans laid stress on the lessons to be drawn from the life and principles of the great William Penn in founding the State of Pennsylvania, and urged that if the countries of the world would let such principles as his be the basis of their dealings with other countries, there would be no need for the increase in armaments, which is going on at the present day. William Penn was a true follower of Christ in this respect, and it behoved the people to rise to a sense of their duty, and let the statesmen see that the principles of peace, justice, and right must dominate their dealings with other countries, thus bringing about the Kingdom of God upon Earth. In the evening Mr. Evans dealt especially with the principles of the Tsar of Russia's proposal, and at the close of a most powerful and eloquent sermon the following resolution was passed, the large congregation present standing in assent, viz.:—"That the congregation worshipping at the New Meeting Unitarian Church, Kidderminster, earnestly calls upon Her Majesty's Ministers, energetically to support the Tsar with the Peace Conference, in order to secure a truce of God among the nations, an arrest in the increase of armaments, and the establishment of the principle that in all cases the Governments must invite the mediation of friendly neutrals before appealing to the sword." This resolution has been forwarded to the Prime Minister, the borough member (Sir A. F. Godson), the Press, and to Dr. Darby, of the Arbitration Alliance.

London: Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel.—The Rev. Frederic Allen, on behalf of the Ladies' Committee, desires to thank most heartily the many friends who so very kindly sent contributions of left-off clothing and other articles for the annual rummage sale, that was held in the lecture hall, on Saturday, Dec. 3. We understand the proceeds of the sale were considerably more than in former years, and the large party of willing workers present on the occasion must be congratulated on the result of their labours.

London: Forward Movement.—Under the direction of the Provincial Assembly of London and South-Eastern Counties, the special services at Ealing and Waltham Green have just been concluded. While the numbers attracted were not large, they were appreciative. The two districts represent two distinct classes of the population—"The Suburban" and "The Working Middle-class." At Ealing the services have not met with that amount of outward success anticipated; but our message has not been delivered without some encouraging results. We have discovered several who are in sympathy with our liberal religious thought, and perhaps these eventually may be led to consider the desirability of organising themselves for the establishment of services on a more permanent basis. Very efficient help was rendered by the local Unitarians. At Waltham Green there was a large attendance and a good deal of interest manifested. Some had never been to a Unitarian service before, and were somewhat surprised that we had such "good tidings" to preach. They had heard much against our teaching, but they were led to entertain the idea that our views of religion were right, and were anxious for a further opportunity of becoming more fully acquainted with our principles and ideals. The Unitarians living in the neighbourhood came to our assistance, and are sanguine as to the prospects of gathering a congregation in this populous centre. If the financial position of our societies were more satisfactory, much more could be done in the way of aggressive efforts.

London Sunday School Society.—On Saturday evening a very successful gathering of teachers and elder scholars assembled at Essex Hall. There were parties from most of the schools in the Union, and all seemed to enjoy the proceedings, which consisted of a tea, followed by a miscellaneous entertainment. The Rev. W. G. Tarrant, president, took the chair, and offered a welcome on behalf of the officers and committee. Musical items were given by Mr. H. B. Lawford, Mr. B. Lawford, Mr. Percy Marchant, Miss Maud Turner, and Miss Fisher; Mrs. Wilby gave two capital recitations, and Mr. Ion Pritchard a humorous story. In honour of the occasion, this being the Jubilee Year of the society, the teachers of all the schools were presented with copies of a neatly printed account of the society, accompanied by a *résumé* of the address given by the Rev. J. J. Wright on the occasion of the summer service at Essex Hall.

Manchester: Heaton Moor (Appointment).—the Rev. Priestley Prime, of Torquay, has accepted the invitation of the Manchester District Association

to be its Missionary, resident at Heaton Moor, and also to have charge for the present of the congregation at Urmston.

Manchester: Pendleton (Appointment).—The Rev. Jenkin Thomas, of Aberdare, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the Pendleton Free Church, and will enter on his duties about the end of March or the beginning of April.

Manchester: Upper Brook-street.—There was a very large audience on Monday last, when Mr. J. Harwood gave an excellent recital of Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

Moretonhampstead.—On Sunday, Dec. 11, Mrs. Broadrick took the services. The attendances were very good. On Monday evening she gave a lecture on "Mrs. Barbauld and her Works." This also was well received, and there were several outside friends present who were greatly interested in it.

Tetbury.—On the 7th inst., in the Town Hall, the Rev. George St. Clair, delivered his lecture on "How to read the Bible." The chair was taken by the Rev. Henry Austin, of Cirencester. There was a good and an attentive audience. Several families take a warm interest in Unitarian thought.

Torquay (Resignation).—The Rev. Priestley Prime, having accepted an invitation of the Manchester District Association to Heaton Moor, has resigned his office as minister of the Free Christian Church, meeting in Unity Hall, which he has held for four years.

Walsley.—On Saturday last the annual young men's tea party was held. After tea the school-room was packed to its utmost capacity by an audience which greatly enjoyed a musical and dramatic entertainment given by the young men and their friends.

OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.

Bermondsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 A.M., "The Christian Birthday," 3 P.M., Children's Christmas Service, and 7 P.M., "The Angel's Song," Carols, Rev. FREDERIC ALLEN.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. HARWOOD, B.A.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. HERBERT RIX, B.A.
Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. WOODS PERRIS.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M., Rev. STOFFORD A. BROOKE, LL.D., and 7 P.M., Rev. BROOKE HERFORD, D.D.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. R. SPEARS.
Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. G. DAWES HICKS, M.A., Ph.D.
Kentish Town, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. FARQUHARSON.
Morning, "The Angel's Song." Evening, "Seekers after God.—IV. Jesus of Nazareth."
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. E. STRONGE.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus 11.15 A.M., Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A., and 7 P.M., no service.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. CADMAN.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M., Mr. A. J. JENKINSON, and 6.30 P.M.
Plumstead Unitarian Church, Plumstead Common-road, 11 A.M., Mr. J. C. PAIN, and 6.30 P.M., Mr. E. C. SAPHIN.
Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. S. FARRINGTON.
Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. LUCKING TAVENER.
Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. F. W. STANLEY.
BEDFORD, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. ROWLAND HILL.
BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
BLACKPOOL, Bank-street, North Shore 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BINNS.
BLACKPOOL, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.
BOOTLE, Free Church, Stanley-road, 11 A.M., Rev. D. DAVIS, and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. C. C. COE.
BRIGHTON, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. HOOD.
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. GEORGE STREET.
CANTERBURY, Blackfriars, 11 A.M., J. REMINGTON WILSON, M.A.
DEAL and WALMER, Free Christian Church, High-st., 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. MELSON GODFREY.
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. BURROWS.
EASTBOURNE, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. A. MILES.
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. T. W. FRECKELTON.
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. J. JUPP.
LIVERPOOL, Renshaw-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. Dr. KLEIN. Evening, "The Great Birthday of Humanity."
MANCHESTER, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. FORREST.
MANCHESTER, Strangeways, 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
MARGATE, Forester's Hall (Side Entrance), Union-crescent, 11 A.M., Mr. G. R. BURDEN.
OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. J. E. CARPENTER, M.A.
PORTSMOUTH, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. THOMAS BOND.
PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. COSENS PRIOR.
RAMSGATE, Assembly Rooms, High-street, 6.30 P.M., Mr. G. R. BURDEN.
READING, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, B.A.
SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. H. WELLS.
TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. BALMFORTH.

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, LL.D. &c., will Preach on CHRISTMAS MORNING at ROSSLYN HILL CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD.

Service at 11.15 (doors open at 10.45). Collections for the Special Services and Literature Fund.

In the EVENING the REV. BROOKE HERFORD will Preach at 7.

MARRIAGES.

FIELDING—MITCHELL.—On December 13, by special licence, at the Manse, Ballyclare, by the Rev. James Kennedy, Larne, assisted by the Rev. Alfred Turner, Templepatrick, the Rev. Wm. Fielding, Ballyclare, to Mary E. S. Mitchell, Manchester.

DEATHS.

CLOUSTON.—On the 14th inst., at Ebury-street, London, S.W., Kathleen Margaret Warren Clouston, wife of Robert Stewart Warren Clouston, and younger daughter of John Warren, formerly of Nottingham but now of Watford.

CORNISH.—On 18th Dec., at "Comeytrowe," The Ridgeway, Enfield, Mary Jane, widow of the late Charles Cornish, of H.M.'s Customs London, aged 68.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

A Special Fund for Providing Sunday-schools with Books.

Amount Required, £500.

THIRD LIST OF DONATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Abraham, Miss C. C., Liverpool...	0	10	0
Bowring, Lady, Exeter ...	1	1	0
Buckton, Mrs., Oxford ...	1	1	0
Great Meeting, Girls' Sunday School, Leicester...	1	1	0
Hadley, Felix, J.P., Conway ...	5	0	0
Haslam, Lewis, London ...	2	0	0
James, Rev. W. Llandyssul ...	0	5	0
Jones, Charles W., Liverpool ...	5	0	0
Moore, Mrs. R., Richmond ...	0	2	6
Mummery, Rev. J. S., Ph.D., London ...	0	5	0
Pratt, Hodgson, London ...	0	10	0
Plumptre, F. H., Newton Abbot ...	0	10	6
Steele, Mrs. R. F., Liverpool ...	0	10	6
Tate, C. A., London ...	3	3	0
Thomas, Harry E., Bristol ...	1	1	0
Upton, Rev. C. B., B.Sc., Oxford ...	1	0	0

Amount acknowledged last week ... 23 0 6
... 290 0 6

Total ... £313 1 0

Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, Dr. W. BLAKE ODGERS, at the Offices of the Association, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. Dec. 21, 1898.

Schools, etc.

BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON
(FOR WOMEN),
YORK-PLACE, BAKER-STREET, W.

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Head of the Department, Miss HANNAH ROBERTSON, B.A.

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